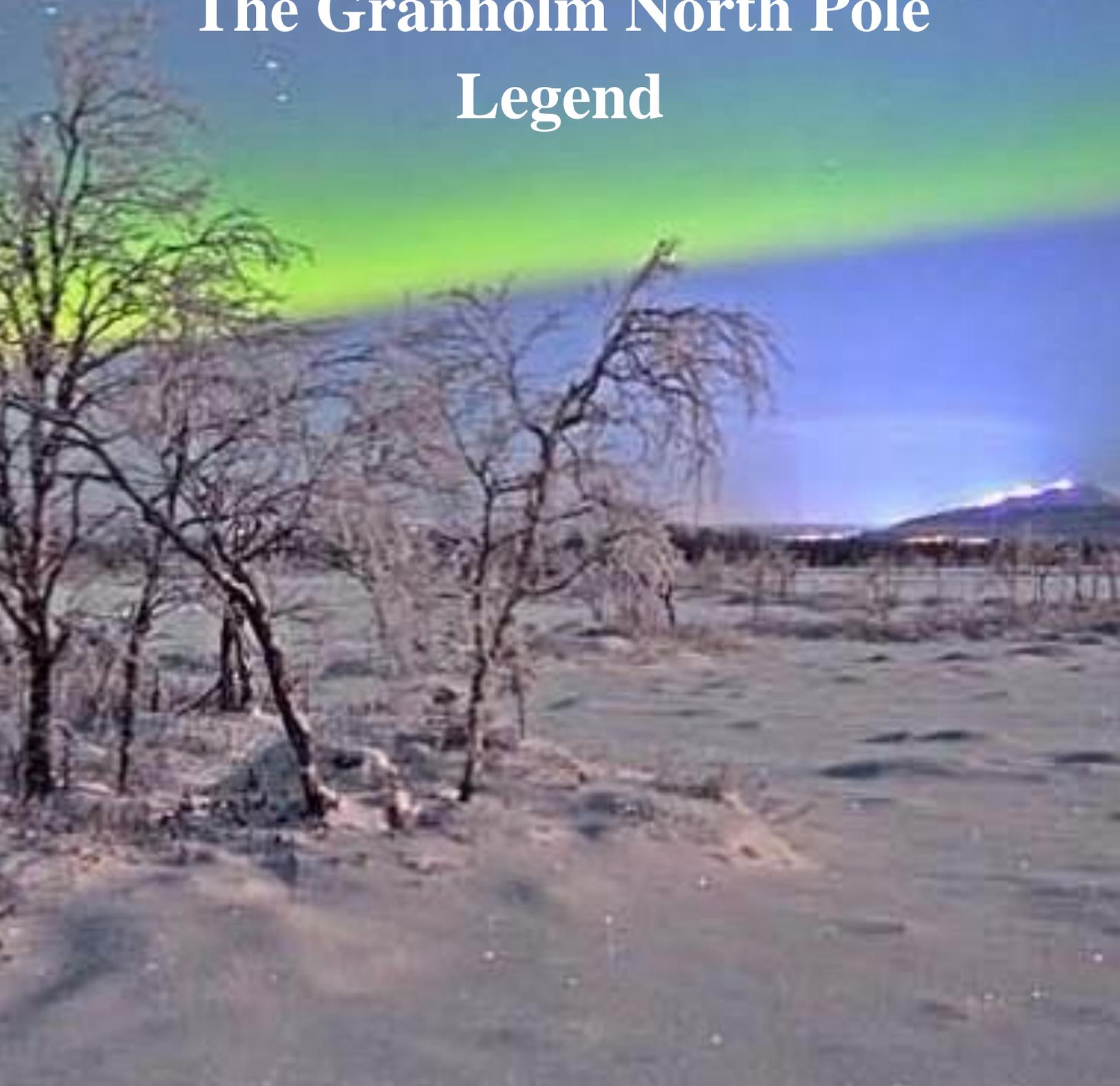


The Granholm North Pole Legend



INTRODUCTION

*A legend is a story in the gray area between mythology and history, the invisible and the visible, the unreal and the real. Yet the mythology has given the inspiration for the most beautiful sculptures and paintings; often making an imaginative connection with the reality of the history. In some cases a King may, in order to enhance his standing, have commissioned somebody to find a connection between him and a popular mythical hero. King Arthur the Great asked somebody to show how he descended from Adam and Eve. See **Early Mythology Ancestry**. Other Kings were satisfied when they could be shown to be a descendant from Wooden or Odin.*

If a bunch of Kings can have their ancestral legends, why shouldn't we?

The Granholm North Pole Legend

When Noah's ark was finished the rain caused the Euphrates River in his backyard to flood and soon the ark floated free. After several days he could see from where he was sitting on his throne on the Poop deck reading an old newspaper before using it, that most of the planet was covered with water and still sinking. Later he saw just a small part of the earth above water and what looked like a broom handle sticking up from an ice patch. The very top of the earth with the stick bobbing up and down there looked just like a cork on the line from a fishing pole. Noah said that let's name this the North Pole.



He became really concerned now about what was going to happen and called on the Boss in the Sky to find out if the Engineering Department really knew what they were doing. Noah said he was not really happy with their design capability. When they first created the man they merely used the Copy function and copied the Boss to get brownie points and then clicked on Save As and the first Name they found, "Adam". Adam and his children were then supposed to copy themselves and fill up the Earth. Well, each

copy of a copy was a little worse than the previous, just look at me and my wife, can't remember things with a 600 year old failing hard drive, the On/Off key does not work and now compare me with what you started out with; that young and clean shaven Adam and that what's her name pain in the side or where ever, dressed in just fig leaves and I'm always cold and have to use this big robe that always get stuck in the bicycle chain. And try to hang a fig leaf on me! So now you have asked your engineers to hit the Delete key and I alone will have to start this mess all over again. Yes, I'll do it but this time you better have a backup copy. The Boss agreed and told Noah that if you think you can do it better than my Engineering Department, you go and figure it out. He also told Noah that when he gets back from this trip as the first thing to do is to plant a vineyard and a couple of glasses of wine a day will get his hard drive up and running again. But if the Off key does not turn off his hard drive after 36 hours, give me a call. You know I'm up here, use my Skype.

So Noah came up with an idea for the backup. One of his grandchildren had been somewhat of a problem. He did not have any patience with this around the world cruise but kept asking "Are we there yet, are we there yet?" When they saw the North Pole the grandson said that now we are here and he will get off. Noah realized that this will be the backup so he had a talk with the boy. The grandson said that he'll find himself a wife and start all over from his end. Noah asked why he thought he could find a wife here, the place looked empty except for the broomstick and a hole in the ice, where some water trickled out. The grandson said that there seems to be a harbor

and it would be fun to go there and he reminded Noah that he remembers Noah telling him bedside stories about when he sailed all over the world as a young man, there was a girl in every harbor, such as Paris, London, Yxpila etc. And he had asked Noah how come he was so many hundred years old and Noah had said it is because when you have fun, time flies!

Noah closed his eyes, wrinkled his forehead, did an internal Search but said that he cannot remember, the memory of this outdated hard drive is overloaded with all this stuff here on the ark right now. The grandson said that let's Sort what you have and there are two ways. Option One is to sort all males and females and that cuts the needed memory in half. Option Two is to sort everybody into four and two legged ones and leave out anything that flies and he would be down to the girls in the harbors who had both feet on the floor. Noah rather quickly said that let's stick to Option One – so he again closed his eyes, wrinkled his forehead and now suddenly had a big happy grin on his face. *“Yes you should go, and have fun!”* Noah said and let him go, gave him the reindeer couple and they agreed to keep in touch via some birds that Noah would let out.

They dropped the grandson off by the hole (“Kolo” in Finnish) in the ice wall where a small river (“joki” in Finnish) ran out. This was obviously the Kolosjoki harbor. He walked up along the river shore and there meeting him was the fairest maiden in all of Lapland. Her name was Lapin Kulta (Lapland's Sweetheart). He married her and soon they had a large family. Some of them stayed in the home area, elected the first King of Finland by the name of Fornjot some 2000 years ago and settled down and some started to move south and established villages and homes in the rest of Finland. Those who lost in the election moved west and founded Norway. Some of them from the flat top of the world who were used to travel only sideways did not like Norway, because of the mountains you always had to go up or down, unless you were in a boat. They continued further south until they settled on the flat lands in Denmark. Some could not make up their mind if they should move south or west so they went southwest and founded Sweden and elected their own King.



But the grandson was homesick and wanted to go and visit Grandpa Noah and the rest of the family after the water had receded. From where he was on the top of the world it seemed rather easy. The ground was practically always snow covered and wherever you went it was always downhill. So in whatever direction you went, it was south. There were no uphill on top of the world but if you go downhill for a while, you could go sideways, east or west. But that was also confusing when he planned his trip. If you run down from Kolosjoki across Finland toward Lake Ladoga, and then turn left, you'd then go east. But if you run downhill from Kolosjoki in the opposite direction, kind of on Finland's backside, and you turn left, you would be going west. What he finally figured out was to use the faint marks of the longitudes that had not eroded away. When the Engineering Department created to Earth they used the old fashion paper with

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the little square lines. And when they then enlarged the drawings to full size covering the whole Earth the lines were still there for a long time. So he figured that if he follows the longitude line 30 south he would end up close to Mount Ararat. This was also where Noah had planned on landing because the Euphrates River begins there and runs to his backyard. So first he would schuss downhill to Lake Ladoga, pulling a “pulkka “ with what provisions he would need, and he could then later use it as a canoe and follow the rivers south home.

Pulkka is a sleigh usually pulled by reindeer or a smaller one by people



Late spring would be a good time, there would still be good snow conditions for the ski trip and later, when all that snow in Finland started to melt and fill up the rivers and run down the map south, it would be easy to paddle the pulkka/canoe downstream all the way home. He’d stop by Mount Ararat to see if Noah was still in the vineyard; bring him some of Lapin Kulta’s mead for a little welcome home partying with him.

So next he made arrangements with Lapin Kulta about how to stay in touch. Noah was too far away to use birds so they decided that she could send messages in a bottle. Even the children and their children could do it. Just put the bottles in the Kolosjoki when the snow begins to melt in Finland and the floodwater would carry the bottles to him. They agreed to this and he took off.

This bottle mail then became a tradition. In the middle of the winter, around Christmas when there was no daylight and the kids had nothing to do, they decided to send greeting bottles to the Old Grandpa in the south. So they wrote notes and put goodies in bottles and dropped them in the Kolosjoki. And when spring came the bottles arrived with the floodwater to him. They remembered that Old Grandpa had said that if they send anything south to him they must use Roman numerals on the addresses because that’s all the post office there will deliver. So Lapin Kulta marked her bottle as Lapin Kulta I, the daughter marked her with Lapin Kulta II, the granddaughter with Lapin Kulta III, their child with IV etc. If they had two children the firstborn could be IVA. Eventually, from this initiative the idea of Santa Claus delivering gifts from Lapland started.



This way of identifying family members with Roman numerals became popular because the Almanac with names had not been invented yet so there was only a small selection of names to choose from. They also had a son named Olvi I who moved to the other side of the ridge to the west where there was more herring in the river and that eventually became Norway. His grandson Olvi III often sent bottle mail to Lapin Kulta IVA in a kind of remote “Spin the bottle” game.

The Kings and Queens and even the Popes now began to use this name numbering system.

Another important benefit of this generation/name/numbering system was that by just using the fingers you could show anybody to which generation you belong. Obviously the oldest one was the wisest and most important person and when he talked in any meeting and just showed his middle finger everybody knew that this is somebody you better listen to and obey, or else...

Regarding the Olvi family the first one, Olvi I, who was also called Big-O, was an artist. He was encouraged to sign his paintings, so first he did it with just O because he could not write. Somebody said that did not really identify him so he changed his signature to OID. To be an artist was not considered really to be in class with the Vikings so many felt that he was not the brightest star in the sky. In any case one of his paintings won a first price at the Rovaniemi Modern Art Gallery Exhibit and native art experts from the far south came to admire it. This was the famous "*Kolosjoki in December*". It was a completely black canvas.

Later when he became old it was difficult for Olvi I to continue the painting. He often thought about how if what he can see with his eye somehow could quickly be reproduced so he could then show it to others. He realized that it could be difficult to put his now famous signature OID on it. After much experience he came up with a contraption that could do just that and even included his signature, another first for the village by the North Pole. He called it a Polaroid.

Lapin Kulta IVA and Olvi III got married. The Roman numbering system could easily keep track of how to be allowed to get married. They were "kissing cousins" so it was OK. They had many children and descendants named Olof or Olav who became famous Norwegian Vikings and Kings. One of the Olaf Vikings later brought back a captured beautiful noble lady from Belgium by the name of Stella Artois to the little village by the North Pole. The front gate to their home was decorated with her family crest taken from her castle gate in Belgium.



During the long dark winter days the Lapin Kultas, Olvis and Stella visited each other often for merriment and good cheers for BYOM (Bring Your Own Mead) parties with the best home-brewed mead they could make. They arranged mead making contests at the spring fair and they all participated. Thus Kolosjoki became the mead capitol of the North. Stella with her good mead and funny accent became so well liked that they named the brightest star in the sky after her to Stella Polaris. Perhaps Olvi I was not the brightest star in the sky but now his great-great-great-granddaughter-in-law was.

The stories about the fair maidens and superb mead in Kolosjoki were maintained by word of mouth for centuries. When the first King of Norway was elected he had to find himself a proper Queen. The communication to Kolosjoki was still poor but thanks to his Olvi genes he invented the postage stamp so he could send a letter to Kolosjoki to find out if there still were some of the fair maidens left like Lapin Kulta. In return mail he got a Polaroid picture of one and to show that he really wanted her as his first Queen of Norway, he sent her another letter back that he will come and get her. When he came she immediately offered him some homemade mead and that sealed the deal. He sent out wedding invitation letters to everybody in Kolosjoki with a special



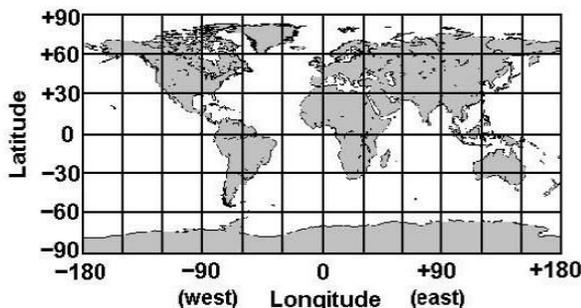
stamp depicting the moment they first met. That was in year 872 and the king was Harald I Hårfager (Fairhair), and the Queen was Snofrid Svåsesdotter, our 32nd Great-Grandparents. The rest of the story can be seen in the Genealogy Section in the book *“Norwegian Royal Ancestry, Harald Hårfager to Present”*.

Meanwhile the population grew from the “backup copy” grandson that Noah left behind. His descendants were many Kings elected in the Nordic countries; most of them are our ancestors. Some got along with each other, some fought each other. These events have been recorded by many sources, some reliable, some questionable.

One source, <http://www.booksfromfinland.fi/2009/10/noahs-progeny/> has a definite statement referring to Noah, in part it reads:

The Finns are father Noah’s grandson’s progeny and the original inhabitants of the North, from whom the Swedes, Norwegians and Danes are descended.

According to many other sources Fornjot (b. 160 d, 250) was the first King of Finland. He is our 61st great grandfather as shown in this homepage in the Genealogy Section book *“Norwegian-Finnish Royal Ancestry, Mythical to 872”*.



When connecting this past with the present there obviously are several changes. For one the geography is vastly different. Looking at a present map in the center one can see that what once was the Atlantic River between the North and South Poles in the past has now swelled to become the Atlantic Ocean because the earth has expanded like a balloon since it was first created.

When the Engineering Department planned the earth, they figured the sun would provide some of the heat. But what during the night and cloudy days and especially what about the short winter days in the north and south ends of the globe?

Then they came up with an idea. Let’s put a Global Warming oven inside of the earth. The heat would keep it warm, it would slowly expand from the heat and as more people were born there would be more space for them. It was kind of instead of having a bun in the oven you had an oven in a bun. The people would be warm and happy and never fight among each other. The Boss really liked this and said they should be able to get a Nobel Peace prize for inventing this Global Warmer.

The same changes took place in the Kolosjoki neighborhoods. The ice around the North Pole slid downhill away and the world actually tilted from the weight so Kolosjoki was still on the top of the world but a new geographical North Pole was a little on the side. But the original North Pole that looked like a broom handle was stuck so deep down so it remained somewhere close to Kolosjoki. But nobody knew exactly where it was. The villagers were very sad about that because it had sentimental value ever after Noah nailed a sign to it pointing to his home so many mega-cubits away. Even Stella had nailed there a sign pointing to Belgium. Many others had added signs pointing to their homes so visitors would find them.

Now let's fast-forward to more modern times. I explained in the book *“Granholmen, an Isle in the Forest”* in the Stories Section of our Homepage how we children listened to our fathers telling stories about fishing and hunting in places like Lapland, and we then falling asleep and dreaming. In the morning we did not know what was dream or what was not. The same thing probably had happened to our fathers and theirs for generations back. So my dad Anton and uncle Uno decided that they really should find out a little more if that old story which had been retold for generations about Kolosjoki had any truth to it.

They knew that not many believed anything about these rumors and they would be ridiculed if anybody found out what they were going to explore. So as a cover story they said that they were going to start a business in Lapland. That sounded OK, the Granholms always started something and many thought that why did not I think of that?

They got their stuff together and travelled north with their best friend Erik Ståhl (See *“The Murder of Erik Ståhl”*). First they met the Kolosjoki village people and had some of their famous mead. Uno was the photographer; he had inherited some of Olvi I's talent. The village people retold the old stories now with much more detailed information.



Anton, second from the right, Erik Ståhl on the left with the Kolosjoki village people

The village people showed Uno and Anton the top of the world and said that the old North Pole should be there back someplace. Here you could see how the earth curves down to the right.



The top of the world by Kolosjoki

So they set out to find the old North Pole with Anton in the lead and enough provisions from the village people to last a long time; smoked reindeer, trout, cloudberries, homemade mead, sleeping bags, mosquito repellent, etc.



They searched wide and far, but did not give up because for some reason, with directions from like an unseen guide, the old stories seemed to become more real for every step they took.

After several days they finally found the old North Pole. Although the signs were badly worn down, they could still see some letters on the knots in the wood. One most telling proof was the text on the end of the top sign; it looked like **“mega-cubits”** .

Uno took a picture of the North Pole and as outside proof that they had been there, Erik Ståhl climbed up and posed on the North Pole. This discovery was actually shocking to them; they knew this may have worldwide effects, for instance what would the Pope think, because this story about Noah now involved even religious matters. It could create even worse problems than when Martin Luther I caused a war, when he, in an argument with the Pope Leo X, our 14th cousin, about buying beer or wine with the collection plate money, showed that he was a first Martin Luther, and according to the old customs showed the Pope his middle finger.

They decided that the government should know about this and called their 6th cousin President Svinhufvud, and told him about this discovery. Svinhufvud got quite upset and felt that now he was in a bind when everybody finds out about this, and how many already knew what they had been up to with this expedition? They told him that nobody knew and they had a good cover for this trip, they had pretended to start a business here and now will say that it failed.

Svinhufvud did not buy that, he said that nobody in his right mind would believe that any of Jonnas Ant Granholm’s descendants would fail when starting a business.



So Svinhufvud decided that this little corner of Finland should be given away. The Norwegians did not want it, because it was too flat. The Swedes could not make up their mind if they wanted it or not. The only solution was to give it to Russia; the communists there always take everything they can get their hands on. Another advantage of giving it to them, was that they always mess up everything and nobody would want to live in that area, so the secret will be forgotten. This is what indeed eventually happened. You can read in the Stories Section of the Homepage about this in **“Failed Business”**. There it shows how polluted Kolosjoki is now.

Svinhufvud made sure that the village people from Kolosjoki were taken well care of. Because of the proof provided in this story each person got one million marks in a patent settlement suit from the beer breweries in Finland and Belgium, a new home and lifetime jobs as beer tasters and lived happily ever after.